1946 Annual Report
Published by the Montana
State Highway Department

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Designed and Compiled by
Bob Fletcher, Plans Engineer,
State Highway Commission Plans Department

THE COVER:

Painted by Montana's own artist. Irvin (Shorty) Shope. The spirits of the old-timers are looking from the rimrock at the new trail through their country. The Indian is expressing astonishment by the sign language, i. e., hand over mouth. The trapper is making the sign for wagon wheels while prospectors and cowboy gaze in silent wonder.

NAEGELE PRINTING CO., HELENA, MONT.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION FOR 1936

ORGANIZATION

The Pre-construction, Construction and Maintenance Departments are the major operating units. The Accounting, Personnel and Planning Survey Departments are the major administrative units.

The Pre-construction Department is responsible for the location of highways, preparation of plans and specifications and the securing of right of way. Location work involves routing, alignment, cross-sectioning and topographic surveys. Preparation of plans involves highway and structure design and drafting, computation of quantities and estimates of cost. Securing right of way involves title research, negotiations for easements and purchase or condemnation of right of way.

The Construction Department is responsible for the supervision, staking, inspection, monthly and final estimates of all work under contract.

The Maintenance Department is responsible for the upkeep and betterment of constructed highways involving such items as repairs, weed control, placement of signs, snow control and removal, sanding of ice, and force account oiling and reconstruction. This Department also purchases, builds and maintains all mechanical equipment owned by the State Highway Department.

The fiscal year ending June 30th, 1936, has been an active one for all Departments and has produced many tangible results of economic importance to Montana. In addition to the customary highway program, funds were made available for farm-to-market or feeder roads, paving or betterment of municipal streets, grade separations at railroad crossings and roadside beautification.

FEEDER ROADS

During the past two years Federal funds were appropriated and have been used for the construction of so-called feeder roads. These are the important byways that lead from ranch to market. Montana lands are far-flung. The miles built to date are insignificant in comparison to our needs. Montana's delegation in Congress, appreciating the value of this secondary system to the ranchers, farmers and miners, is exerting every effort in its behalf. It is hoped that the federal government will continue its policy to assist in the financing of these projects. If further money is made available, this Department is prepared to vigorously push the work.

PAVING OR BETTERMENT OF MUNICIPAL STREETS

This year the government required that a definite minimum percentage of Works Progress funds be expended for improvements in municipalities. This has made it possible for the Highway Department to let contracts of this character where such work was greatly needed.

GRADE SEPARATIONS

As of July 1st, 1935, there were 113 surface railroad grade crossings on Montana's Federal Aid System. This year contracts have been let which will eliminate thirty of these traffic hazards through construction of overpasses, underpasses or new alignment, a reduction of 38%.

ROADSIDE BEAUTIFICATION

Surveys for twelve roadside parks or camp sites have been made. Plans are being prepared and contracts will be let this year.

A comparison of the following tabulations shows progress made from July 1st, 1935, to May 1st, 1936.

July 1st, 1935—Seven Per Cent System

Total Actual Mileage	5,497.27
Total Mileage Improved or Under Construction by All Agencies (State, Forest Service, Counties and Cities)	4,416.52
Mileage Remaining for Initial Improvement	1,080.75

Status of State Improvements as of July 1st, 1935

	Paved or Oiled Miles	Gravel Surfaced Miles	Graded Only Miles	Bridges Miles	Total Length Miles	Total Cost Dollars
Completed on 7% System	2,438.714	1,251.601	188.250	16.788	3,895.353	56 553,283.47
Completed on Feeder Roads	81.956	185.609	0.297	0.555	268.399	2,025,702.67
Under Construction	189.037	305.444	213.568	0.859		1,750,569.65
Totals	2,709.707	1 742.654	402.097	18.202		60.329.555.79

May 1st, 1936—Seven Per Cent System

Total Actual Mileage	5,497.27
Total Mileage Improved or Under Construction by All Agencies (State, Forest Service, Counties and Cities)	4,646.84
Mileage Remaining for Initial Improvement	850.43

Status of State Improvements as of May 1st, 1936

	Paved or Oiled Miles	Gravel Surfaced Miles	Graded Only Miles	Bridges Miles	Total Length Miles	Total Cost Dollars
Completed on 7% System	2,879.018	902.150	200.789	17.441	3,999.398	58,168,914.09
Completed on Feeder Roads	114.171	251.026	0.279	0.627	366.103	2,923 880.30
Under Construction	378.713	413.185	397.642	3.260		7,626,613.48
Totals	3,371.902	1,566.361	598.710	21.328		68,719,407.87

PROPOSED NEW ACTIVITIES

For a number of years this Department has been chiefly concerned with the design and construction attendant to a program that would meet the present needs and also forecast and be readily adaptable to changes in the speed, load and density factors of future traffic. But maintenance requirements, increasing proportionately to completed mileage, have now reached a place of major importance in our expenditures and from here on out will remain so unless we are so unbusinesslike as to permit depreciation of our capital assets. This we do not propose to do.

A large part of our **construction** money has been received from the federal government. The **maintenance** bill must be paid out of the State gasoline tax fund. Construction of a modern highway is justified by the value received in the form of time saving, comfort, and decreased charges to operation and upkeep of cars. But why stop there if added benefits may accrue by going after them?

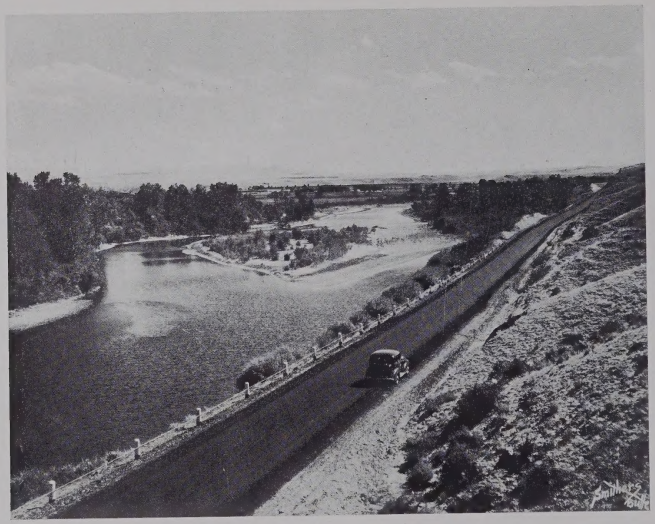
Montana has an investment close to $70,000,000 in a highway system built to facilitate transportation and open to public usage. Montana citizens are therefore in the position of stockholders in a large public utility corporation with a directorate represented by the State Highway Commission. Stockholders expect dividends. So, having built the system, it becomes a matter of natural sequence for the State Highway Department to keep the investment from depreciation and also to administer it in a way that will produce all of the dividends possible.

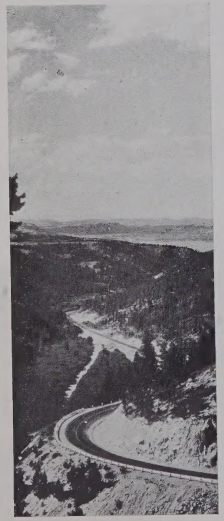
Obviously the source of gasoline tax revenue may be divided as resident and non-resident. The number of Montana resident car owners is definitely known and the revenue expectancy therefrom can be closely estimated. But added non-resident traffic is plus-traffic practically unlimited in its possibilities. Analysis of the State Highway Department traffic survey for 1935 determines that the trickle of virtually uninvited tourists last year was worth $25,000,000 to Montana. Only a fraction of that money was for gas tax. The balance was expended in local trade channels and represents **additional cash dividends.** If unsolicited guests bring in $25,000,000, that should be hint enough to distribute invitations. The Highway Department is the logical agent to do it.

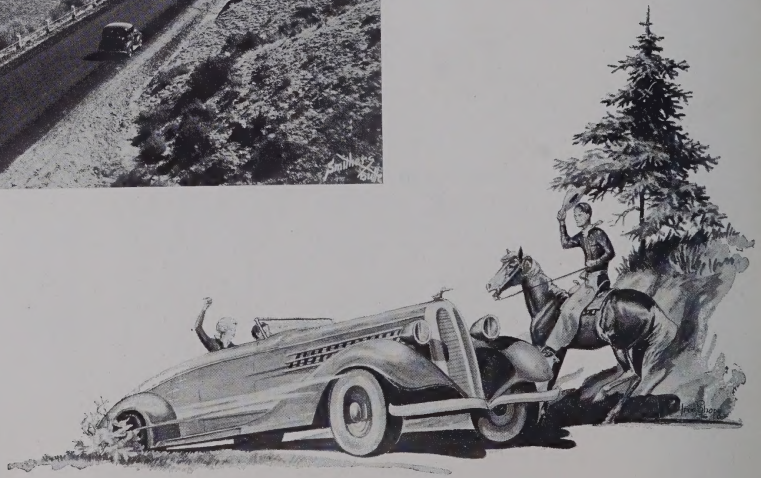
Montana has a combination of scenery, National Parks, recreational areas, history and romantic background unexcelled by any State in the Union. Our highway system reaches it all. Those are the things that tourists want, together with friendly, courteous treatment. Development of this potential market will change the tourist trickle to a flood. Intelligent advertising and proper hospitality will tap new springs and divert present streams of travel to our territory.

The State Highway Department has already inaugurated a number of projects designed to contribute to the convenience and pleasure of the traveling public. Another traffic survey will be made this summer. Attractive port of entry stations are to be erected at strategic points to intercept incoming traffic. The attendants will give strangers a personal welcome, mark their car as a guest car with a suitable windshield sticker, present them with a road map and a tabloid history of the State, and furnish them any other information they desire.

Ninety-six roadside historical markers of the type illustrated herein will be erected by June 1st, covering high points of interest on the Federal Aid System. In accord with the Governor's policy and with the generous cooperation of the press, we are conducting a State-wide safety campaign directed to motorists. We plan to do more. The following illustrated pages are convincing evidence of what Montana has to interest non-residents.







HIGHWAYS

IT has been a far cry from the days when moccasined feet and buffalo hooves pounded out the first trails in Montana. When automobiles came and tried to negotiate some of those slightly improved trails, drivers and cars both broke down and the far cry became a long sob that made the lamentations of lonesome coyotes sound like lilting lays.

It takes a lot of tape measures, or anything else, laid end to end to reach across Montana. To build a modern highway network over the State was a chore to stagger Paul Bunyan, but it didn't feaze the sons and grandsons of the pioneers who wheeled their covered wagons towards the West in the days when a ford was something that was all wet.

Our engineers have unrolled a few thousand miles of smooth, dustless highway and tacked it down to the landscape. We would like to have you try our easy grades and sweeping curves. On the following pages we are showing you a few of the scenes typical of Montana that you can enjoy along her highways and byways.

Any State Highway Department employee or State Highway Patrolman will gladly give you information and do all he can to make your trip a pleasant one.

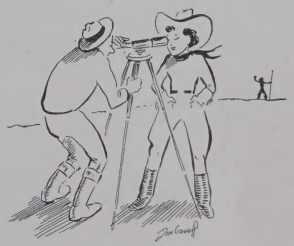
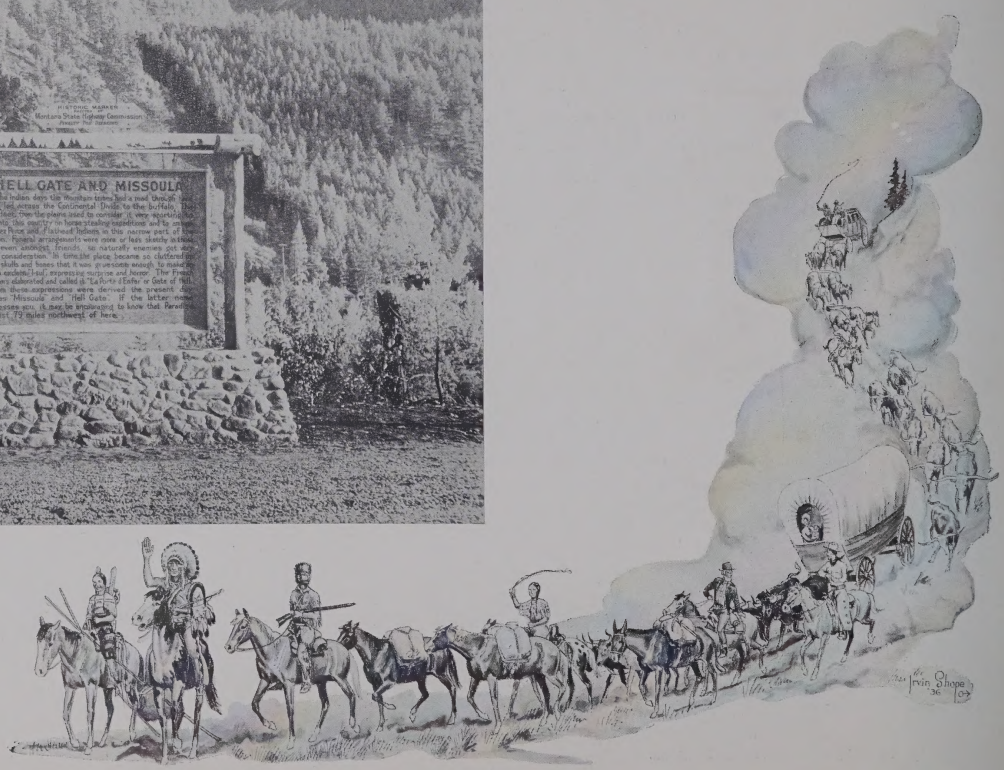


Photo by Smithers, Butte, Montana.

HISTORIC MARKER
Montana State Highway Commission
Erected 1937
HELL GATE AND MISSOULA
In the Indian days the Hamilton trail, a road through which fell across the Continental Divide to the buffalo fields of Blackfeet, from the plains used to consider it very worthwhile trip into this country on horse-stealing expeditions and to attack the Nez Perce and Flathead Indians in this narrow part of the canyon. Funeral arrangements were more or less sketchy in those days even amongst friends, so naturally enemies got little consideration. In time the place became so cluttered up with skulls and bones that it was gruesome enough to make a Indian exclaim, Hell, expressing surprise and horror. The French trappers elaborated and called it "La Porte d'Enfer or Gate of Hell." From these expressions were derived the present day names "Missoula" and "Hell Gate." If the latter name depresses you, it may be encouraging to know that Paradise is just 75 miles northwest of here.


Irvin Shope
36

HISTORY

OF course Montana highways are so good that they tempt motorists to make time. But we don't want travelers whizzing over the scenery passing up a lot of interesting information in regard thereto.

So the State Highway Department has erected bulletins on all of the arterial routes, marking historical points and giving the reader a condensed and informal picture of the romance and color of the frontier days. These markers are built on especially prepared turn-outs so that cars may safely park while travelers are reading them.

Triangular pilot signs are placed on the shoulder of the highway, in opposite directions from the markers, reading "Historic Point, 1000 feet." These give drivers ample time to stop.

Montana's written history dates back 130 odd years. Not very long as history goes, but crowded with the activities of virile pioneers that seem mighty picturesque from the perspective of more prosaic times.

Every gulch, stream and trail has a story to tell, and pathos, adventure, comedy and tragedy are the strangely mixed ingredients.

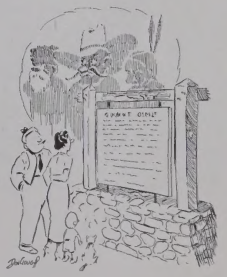
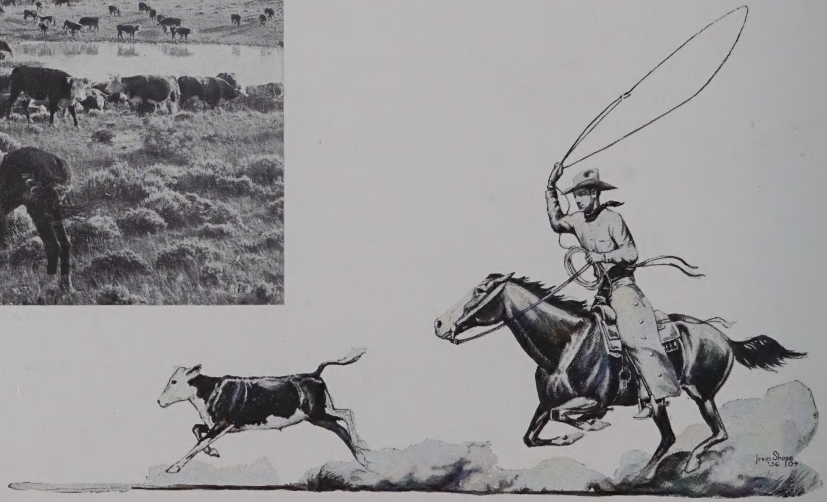


Photo by Kuphal. Missoula, Montana.



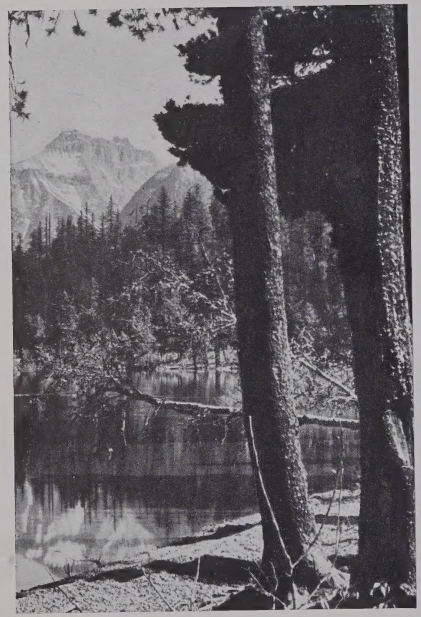
CATTLE

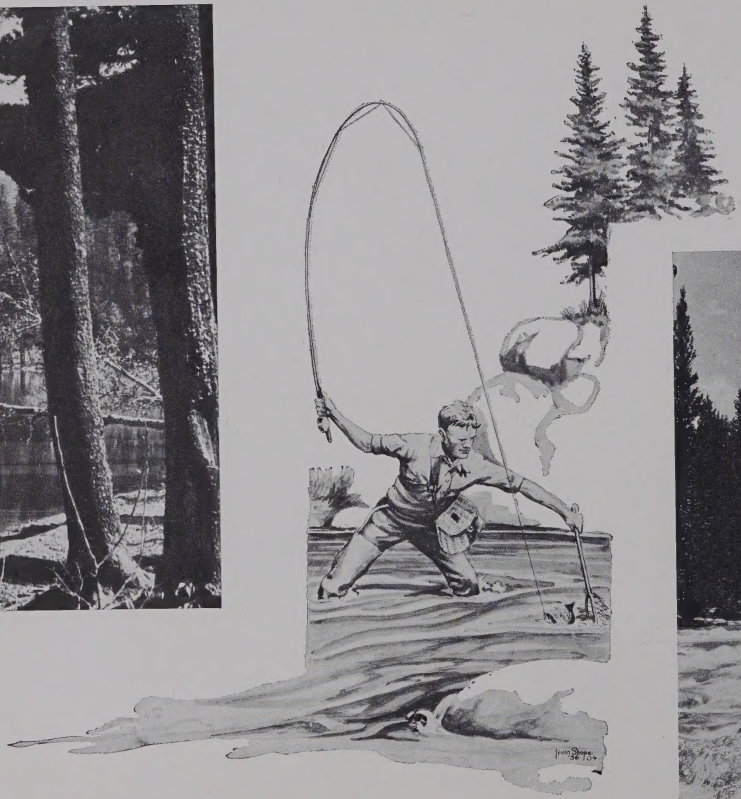
THE long-horned cattle that poured into Montana over the Texas trail some fifty odd years ago have long since been supplanted by high grade range stock--Herefords and Shorthorns. Many of the old time cow waddies who rode, roped and branded in the days of the wide open range have taken the long trail across the Great Divide to where there still aren't any fences.

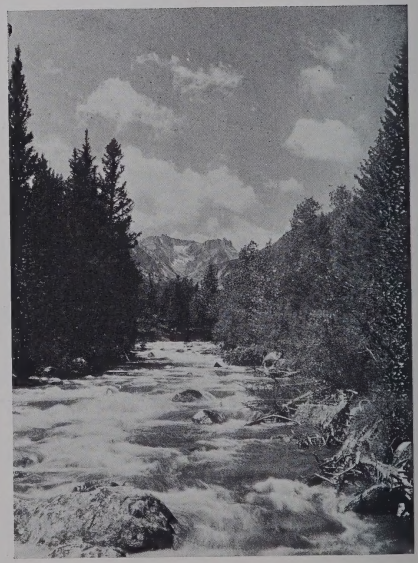
But cowpunchers and bronc peelers just naturally keep growing up and thriving in Montana. We have a lot of top hands—not drugstore cowboys packing a hair brand either. They have the old Montana iron scorched plumb in to the rind and savvy cow critters better than they do ukuleles. We have our share of fashion riders, of course, but most of them are good, well-meaning boys at that—hardly a yodeler, mouth harp or nasal tenor addict in the outfit.

It might interest you to know that the inimitable Tom Mix of Texas origin rode the range in Montana as a top hand for the Circle Diamond outfit before he took to rescuing Hollywood heroines. And speaking of Hollywood celebrities, Myrna Loy and Gary Cooper are Montana products.

Photo by Chas. J. Belden, Pitchfork, Wyoming.







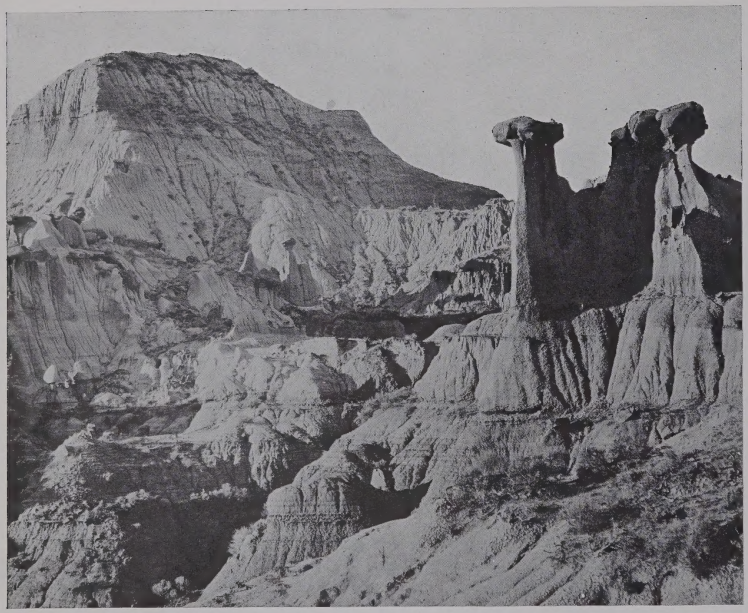
FISHING

FISHING is more or less like playing golf. Half the fun is in lying about it afterwards. It is mighty easy to start a controversy on the subject of fishing, too. Look what happened to President Coolidge's prestige with fly fishermen when someone intimated that he was baiting with a worm. But no one can dispute Montana's claim to wonderful fishing streams and lakes.

When we say fish we mean trout, with black bass and grayling thrown in for good measure. We have natives or cut-throat, Loch Leven, German Brown, rainbow, eastern brook, mackinaw, and Dolly Varden trout. You can catch 'em in still water or white water and you can troll, cast a fly or dangle in a succulent grasshopper as your technique and ethics require. Just drop them a line and you will get an answer.

An annual non-resident fishing license is only $3.50 and the State Fish and Game Department issues a special license for visitors at $1.50 for fifteen days. Streams are well stocked. There are places where you can catch 'em so fast that good sportsmen use barbless hooks, but, of course, you have to pack in to that sort of country. However, the highways take you to the borderland where the trail begins.

Photo Stream by F. Roahen
Photo Lake (Glacier National Park) by Hileman.



BADLANDS

BADLANDS are weird areas grotesquely carved by erosion and weathering. They occur in eastern Montana. Many of the coulees are rich in coloring and black bands of lignite coal are exposed where intermittent torrents have carved through the covering strata. Some of these coal beds ignited spontaneously and smouldered for years until the heat baked and altered the surrounding formations. Miniature Grand Canyons are lined with a maze of castellated walls, domes, spires and ledges.

Strange fossil specimens and beautiful moss agates are picked up in or near the badlands. A portion of the badlands close to Glendive is to be developed as a State park in the near future.

Similar fantastic formations are found along the breaks of the Missouri River from the mouth of the Arrow River to the Big Dry.

The Big Horn Canyon towards the southwest corner of the Crow Indian Reservation is another outstanding example of Mother Nature's sculpturing.

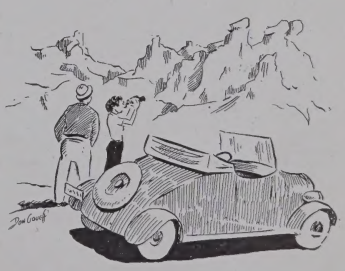
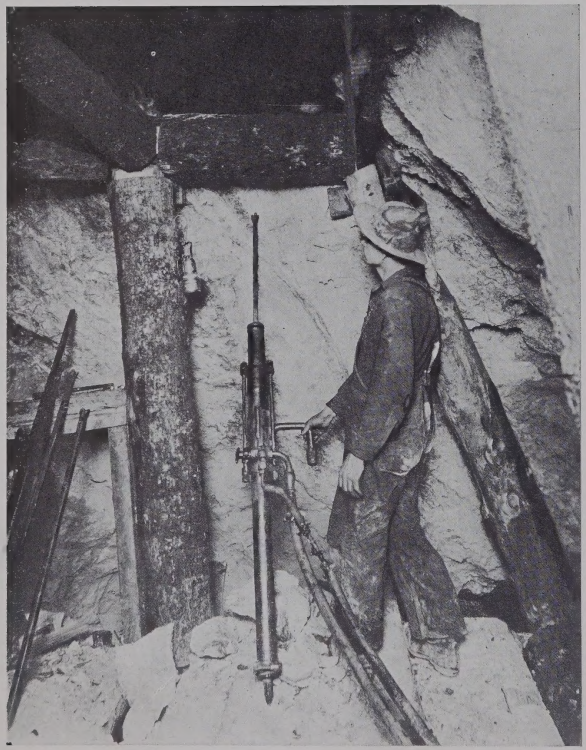


Photo by K. D. Swan
Courtesy U. S. Forest Service.



MINING CAMPS

MONTANA mining camps vary from dynamic Butte, the greatest mining camp on earth, located on the richest hill in the world, to ghost camps in secluded gulches where deserted cabins and rotting sluice boxes hint of tales that might have been told by Bret Harte or Mark Twain.

In the discovery days of the Sixties, when gold was used for coinage as well as for dental fillings, such gulches as Alder, Confederate and Last Chance held riches that made Croesus look like an indigent. Montana, Eldorado and other famous bars were not oases for the parched—they were gravel deposits which had felt the touch of King Midas.

Those were the turbulent days of the argonauts, the road agents and Vigilantes, when men packed a poke of dust in their shirts, a six gun on their hip and let their emotions and whiskers run wild.

Bearded prospectors still pan the streams for placer gold or search the hills for mother lodes. In contrast, giant dredges are working the gravel too lean in values for the old timers' primitive methods and active quartz mines are shipping rich ores to the big smelting plants.

Montana's nickname, "The Treasure State," is well deserved. Her mines produce gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, zinc, sapphires, garnets, rubies, manganese, asbestos, chromium and coal.

Photo Underground by Smithers, Butte.
Photo Miner by Jorud, Helena, Montana.

Irvin Shope
'36 '07

HIGHWAYS TO WONDERLAND

THREE of the five entrances to Yellowstone Park are in Montana. These entrances are served by arterial highways—safe, direct, dustless routes—all of which connect with the through east and west highway U. S. No. 10. They traverse country as scenic and interesting as the Park itself and from this standpoint it is hard to choose between them.

In the summer the air is cooled by the rushing trout streams. In the fall the quaking asps on the mountain sides put on their yellow coats and glow like clumps of giant chrysanthemums against the greenery of the pines. Mighty restful to look at, old timer!

The newest and most spectacular route is to the northeast entrance. The highway follows the valley of Rock Creek into the Beartooth Mountains at Red Lodge, then climbs by a series of switch-backs to the Beartooth Plateau on the roof of the world—elevation 11,000 feet.

The grandeur of the vista makes you feel very small and unimportant. A portion of this highway is shown on the opposite page.

Photo by Brown, St. Paul.

Irwin Shope
'36 10

YELLOWSTONE PARK

SCIENTISTS and master plumbers interested in hot water systems might take a trip to Iceland or New Zealand to look over the geyser situation, but why bother traveling to the ends of the world when the home product is so superior?

In our own plutonic laboratory mud pots plop and gurgle, the Frying Pan sizzles, the Dragon's Mouth belches, the Devil's Kitchen bakes, the hot springs steam and geysers spout. No wonder skeptics referred to it as Colter's Hell when John Colter, fur trapper, reported some of these marvels.

Then that grand old mountain man, Jim Bridger, traipsed into the district. Jim went in for considerable fancy embroidery on his yarns. Naturally he didn't get much credence with audiences largely composed of Missourians.

But the weird phenomena are just a few of the attractions. The mountains, lakes, cascades and wild life are fascinating. The climax, of course, is that "Cameo of Canyons," the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

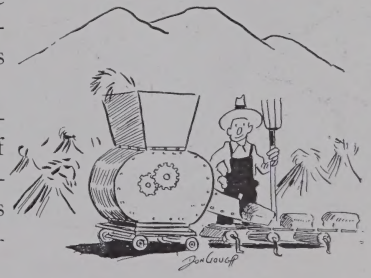
Last year 54% of the 89,607 motor vehicles entering this wonderland did so via Montana highways.

Photo by Jorud, Helena, Montana.

VALLEYS

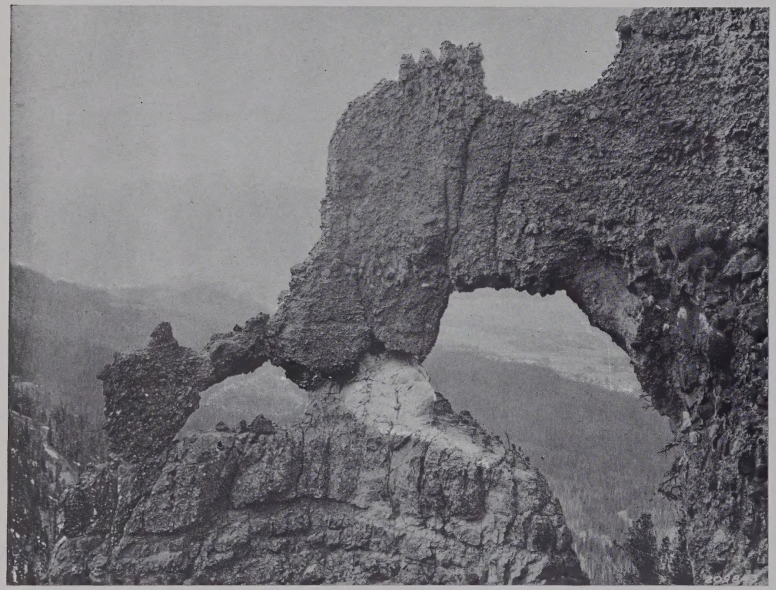
MONTANA isn't all mountains, forest and grazing land by any means. Her smiling valleys are checkered with cultivated fields. Her farm and orchard products—grain, peas, potatoes, sugar beets, apples and cherries—are famous blue ribbon winners. There is nothing monotonous about our valleys. Each is distinctive in character and appearance. Rivers and creeks meander across the bottom lands, horizons are ever-changing in color and contour and there is an atmosphere of freedom unknown in the congested countryside of older settled communities.

The Valley of the Yellowstone was cut by stream action. The Milk River Valley, once the original course of the Missouri, has been filled with glacial debris brought down from Canada. The western Montana valleys are the troughs formed when the blanket of sedimentary rocks wrinkled in huge corrugations ages ago.



Valleys are, of course, natural routes for highways.

Photo by Schlechten, Bozeman, Montana.



GEOLOGY

MONTANA highways traverse country full of interesting geological formations. Prehistoric seas and lakes, volcanic eruptions, gigantic upheavals and slowly creeping ice sheets have left a mystery story more fascinating to solve than a detective yarn. There are plenty of clues and finger prints if you can fit them into place.

Nature experimented with climates in Montana from tropical to arctic until we now have just the right mixture.

A few million years ago dinosaurs were cavorting over the landscape. We find their bones and eggs to prove it. The latter have long since lost their souffle value, but scientists get quite a thrill out of them.

If you don't believe in prehistoric monsters, take a look at this sleepy-eyed old timer with the elongated wen on his nose. He is a perfect specimen of the extinct Gollyloofus and he is taking a nip out of his favorite food, a nodule of limestone. Some people claim that he made the mountains and valleys by nibbling on the scenery. His bed ground is on Specimen Ridge, in the Gallatin National Forest, where he is very much at home in that region of petrified trees.

Photo by K. D. Swan
Courtesy U. S. Forest Service.

SHEEP

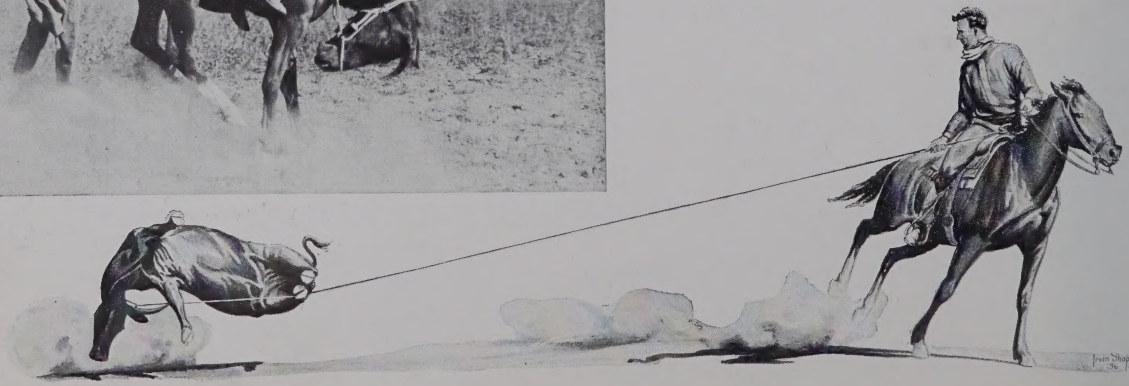
ABOUT two thousand head make the average winter band of sheep in Montana—one thousand in the summer time. They are chaperoned by a gentle herder and a few smart sheep dogs. The herder lives in a teepee or covered wagon and a camp tender makes periodical calls to bring him supplies and move his domicile to fresh range. A sheep-herder's life offers a great chance to meditate and to commune with nature.

Montana is the second sheep state in the Union. We have 3,553,000 head of sheep and they produce approximately 32,712,000 pounds of wool per annum.

Cattlemen are prone to fabricate ribald epithets when alluding to sheep, but sheepmen are somewhat distinguished themselves for inventive genius in painting verbal pictures. So the exchange of compliments is about an even break.

If you meet a band of sheep on a highway just go into low gear, toot your horn and advance on the wooly mass. They will gambol back and forth in front of your car and will close in behind, but you will gradually make it through. Afterwards you will understand why sheepherders go crazy.

Photo by Chas J. Belden, Pitchfork, Wyoming.



HORSES

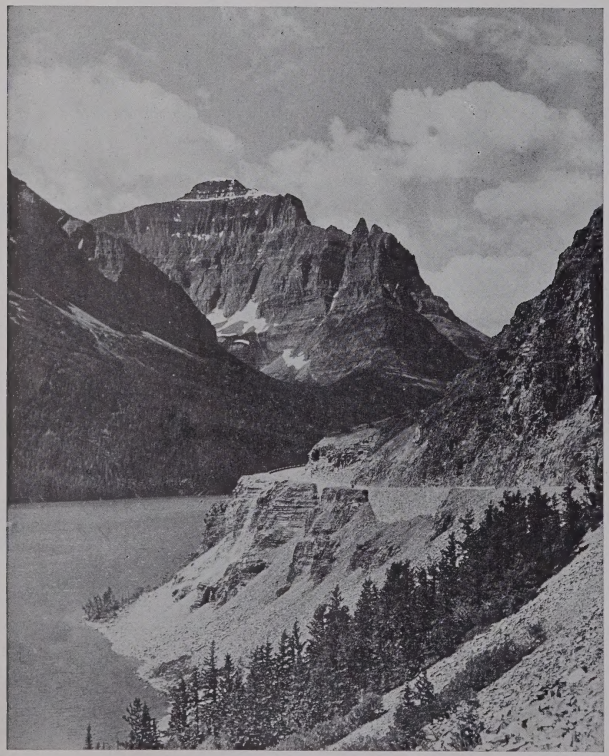
THE West wouldn't be the West without saddle horses and Montana has them from kinky, glass-eyed fuzztails to gaited, blue ribbon stock. If you want to spring a cowboy's ankles, set him afoot for a few days. A good cow pony has a lot of savvy, and understands the cattle business from branding calves to shipping beef critters.

Any number of Montana towns have annual rodeos where the top hands risk their necks stepping across equine dynamite or show you how to bust a steer in record time.

Most of the saddle horses you see on the hard-surfaced highways these days are riding in trailers, but on the ranches and trails in the cow country and forest areas, horses are part of the scenery.

We apologize for the apparent docility of the alleged bronc in the slow-motion picture on the opposite page. This crow-hopping descendant of Bucephalis is just thinking it over before really putting his heart into his work. Our less considerate broomtails go into action so fast that the camera's lightning eye is unable to catch their simplest gyrations let alone photograph them as they break in two.

Photo by McKay, Missoula, Montana.



Irvin Shope
'30

GLACIER PARK

A FEW years ago Glacier National Park was accessible by foot and saddle trail only. Now a modern highway, U. S. No. 2, skirts the south boundary crossing the Continental Divide via Maria's Pass. U. S. No. 89 follows the east boundary through the Blackfeet Indian Reservation and the National Park Service has completed a magnificent road across the Park, from St. Mary's Lake on the east to Lake McDonald on the west, which tops the Divide at Logan Pass. There is no drive in the world that equals the latter for the wild beauty and grandeur of country through which it passes.

It is quite impossible to describe Glacier Park in a paragraph. Books have been devoted to it. It is a stage setting for Titans; a primitive region of towering mountain peaks, glacier cut cirques and valleys, ice sheets, cascades, beautiful lakes and vast forests, lavishly colored.

It is a paradise for artists, sportsmen, photographers, geologists, botanists, biologists and lovers of the unspoiled outdoors. There are thousands of square miles of little explored country to lure the adventurous and miles of well kept trails and roads for the more conservative.

You have not seen America until you have seen Glacier Park.

Photo by Hileman, Glacier National Park

FORESTS

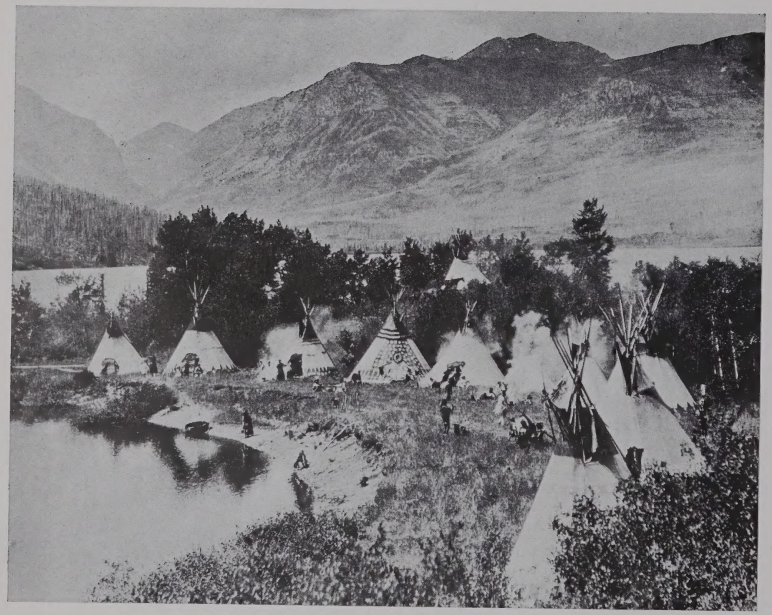
HIGHWAYS and byways through the timber make pleasant drives. The peace and quiet even have a soothing effect on back seat drivers. There are dandy camp sites in Montana forests located near clear, cold water. One of those garrulous pine squirrels may berate you for stopping and camp robbers may drift in to cast an impudent, beady eye around for crumbs, but otherwise nothing will disturb you.

Ferns and wild flowers give the forest carpeting grace and color. Choke cherries grow along the highways and huckleberries are thick on the mountain sides. You will want to linger.

If you camp for the night you won't need any sleeping potions. When the evening shadows lengthen the land is so full of hush that you can hear the lady bugs putting their children to bed.

There are twelve National forests in Montana and they cover over sixteen million acres. That makes a pretty fair-sized and well distributed set of playgrounds. Oh, by the way, camp robbers are just a nervy variety of jay birds with voracious appetites, who invite themselves to lunch.

Photo by K. D. Swan
Courtesy U. S. Forest Service



Irvin Shope
26 10

INDIANS

THERE are seven Indian reservations in Montana and our arterial highway system crosses six of them. Montana Indians were wild-riding nomads in the frontier days. Many of their old timers who remember the buffalo hunt and inter-tribal warfare are still living.

They are a proud and sensitive people, who have been greatly misunderstood and wronged. Travelers sometimes have an opportunity to see their colorful annual ceremonials and dances. Under the new policy of tribal self-government, preservation of their ancient culture and customs will be encouraged.

Evidences of older tribes whose existence antedated the traditions of our Indians are scattered throughout the state. No one knows the mystery of the Old North Trail, supposedly made by ancient peoples in migrations from Northern Canada to Mexico; no one knows what aboriginal artists painted the picture writing on rock walls with pigments that are still plain to see; and medicine wheels, teepee rings and stone implements are mute challenges to archaeologists.

Photo by Hileman, Glacier National Park

Irvin Shope
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WILD LIFE

CAPT. Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition was floating down the Yellowstone River in July, 1806 and made the following entry in his journal:

> "for me to mention or give an estimate of the different species of wild animals on this river . . . would be increditable."

That comment could have applied to most any part of Montana in the early days. Civilization has reduced their numbers and the survivors have retreated to the primitive haunts that are left.

If you are alert you can still see wild animals along our highways, from prairie dogs to buffalo. The little fellows—gophers, jack rabbits, porcupines, ground hogs, squirrels and chipmunks—are very much in evidence. The shy people like the coyotes, deer, elk and antelope are seen less frequently. The mountain lions, goats and sheep and the grizzly bears are far back in the forests and mountains. The buffalo range on a fenced national reserve.

Yes, hunting is good in Montana, but it requires far more cleverness and there is more fun and satisfaction in hunting with a camera than with a high-powered rifle.

Photo Elk by Osborn, Miles City, Montana.
Photo Deer by Hileman, Glacier National Park

LAKES

MANY strangers never think of Montana as a lake country. We have lakes by the hundreds. Springs and creeks have filled glacier-gouged depressions with clear, cold water, making mirrors to reflect the timber, clouds and mountain peaks.

Montana lakes vary in size from little ponds just large enough to accommodate a few mallard ducks, to Flathead Lake which is the largest body of fresh water entirely within the boundaries of the United States.

Our lakes haven't been spoiled by beach resorts. They are full of fighting trout; wild swan, snow geese and the big Canadian honkers drop in twice a year; ducks linger and nest; deer, elk and moose slip down to drink each evening and when it comes to graceful bathing beauties, the otter and beaver are tolerably fair aquatic performers and not averse to getting their one-piece suits wet either.

You have to hike or ride a saddle horse to some of Montana's lakes, but the highways and byways skirt the shores of many.

Photo by Brown, St. Paul.

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

IF you yearn for a little Swiss movement, step right off the highway onto one of Montana's mountains, give a yodel and start climbing. The sky's the limit.

You can drive, hike, ski or ride a saddle horse over our mountains to your heart's content. You can explore, paint or photograph them. We just ask one favor. Those mountains have been here a long time, so long that we have grown quite attached to them. Please don't pack them away with you.

Love of horses is a lingering heritage from wild-riding ancestors. That's why most of us hone to be forking saddle leather and heading out across open country on a little old cayuse. Montana highways take you where you can do that very thing.

You won't miss your daily paper, the radio nor the movies out in the hills. The trails make mighty interesting reading. Stories are recorded on them that range from comedy to tragedy. The birds and pine trees take care of the music. Clouds, trout streams and the forest people furnish four-star movies.

Also the smell of sage brush and pine trees is a tonic that can't be bottled. It has a way of helping out finicky appetites. We recommend the Montana product. Come and get it!

Photo by Schlechten, Bozeman, Montana.

THE TRAIL OF AN OLD TIMER'S MEMORY

There's a trail that leads out to the mountains
Through the prairie dust, velvety gray,
Through the canyons, the gulches and coulees,
A trail that grows dimmer each day.
You can't make it without an old timer
To guide you and make you his guest,
For that trail is the long trail of memory
And it leads to the heart of the West.

Now it winds through the shadows of sorrow,
Now it's warmed by the sunlight of smiles,
Now it lingers along pleasant waters,
Now it stretches o'er long, weary miles.
But it never is lonesome, deserted,
As you journey its distances vast,
For it always is crowded and peopled
With dim phantom shapes of the past.

Freight wagons creaking and lurching
Leaving the old trading posts,
And Indian war parties scouting
As silent and furtive as ghosts.
Cowpunchers driving the trail herd—
The stage coach that swayed as she rolled
With her passengers, sour-dough and pilgrim,
In quest of adventure and gold.

Cavalry trots through the dust clouds,
Hunter and trapper and scout,
Miner and trader and outlaw
All meet on this marvelous route
Where laughter and tears are found mingled,
Where a prince may be found in a shack
On this trail to the days most forgotten—
The days that will never come back.

Deer and elk drink at its waters,
While the dark, shaggy buffalo hordes
Graze on the range near its borders
And the antelope muddy its fords.
It's a wonderful trail to travel,
Of all trails it's the oldest and best—
The trail of an old timer's memory,
And it leads to the heart of the West.

—Bob Fletcher